

bitterness of spirit because none of these professing Christians seem to care.

"Don't talk to me about religion, there ain't any." These words were spoken a few years ago to a student missionary by a sewing woman in a New York tenement house. It was the first visit of its kind that she had had for several years. "I never rest," she continued, "my fingers are always going; I've never asked for a cent but what I've earned. A few years ago, with the help of the children, I used to be able to make a dollar a day, and we got along pretty well; then prices were cut down and we made only ninety cents; then eighty-five and eighty, and now all we can make working at least fourteen hours a day is seventy-five cents. I used to say, 'It's God's world. He's running things and it must be all right somehow;' but I don't now; things aren't right."

Then those eyes that were sunk far into the sockets, flashed upon the visitor as with voice trembling with mingled pathos and anger she said,— "there are men who chuckle when they find a new way of bleeding a cent out of a starving woman and her children. What do the churches care about us, except to wear some of the half-paid-for things we make."

The condemnation was not altogether deserved, but it is one instance out of many that might be given showing the gulf that has come between some people and the church.